

KISAGOTI 143.

From KISAGOTI'S "PARABLES."
Kisagot, clapping to her heart.
Her lay just dead, and with strange fear possessed,
ran through the streets, belling every door
For some rare harm his last life's to rescue.

Until her neighbors, at this frantic gret,
For which the world itself has no relief
Began to say: "That girl has lost her head;
What medicine is that which cures the dead?"

But one more was, and taking patty's part,
Offered this salve to her aching heart:

"Dear girl, I cannot profit you much
but there's a doctor who will help you best."

Asking this, the girl was straightaway sold
To good old man, and to his aching heart:

"Good master, all for me I hear it said
You have the power to cure me; and that is most
The Buddha answered: "It is to be desired,
To meet you present some kindred need."

Spent many hours where spruce new trees
Fell not, child, nor man needs hasten;

Then a fierce hand still impeded her, and
From house to house, a sorry sight she passed.

She and I could, but could no more,
Where Death's dark shadow had cast before:

One more barrier lay in pathway now;

"The dead we must, but the living too."

When, then, came back to her, she had brought
The hundredth, wretched, wretched soul.

The said: "I have it not—such way I speak
Of them—but he is seen living, many dead."

And Buddha answered: "True enough, must true,
Death comes to all, but he has come to you."

He took her hand, and seeing in the night,
At every house, a bright and fading light:

One and another human face was just the same,
After inspecting them, this dying soul:

"Never again will such menaces rise,
But after death come rest and endless peace."

WINE'S WORK.

"Promise me, Charlie m—
she was leaning playfully over the back of his chair, looking down into his face. By—"she I mean Mrs. Gale, and "Charlie" was her husband. He had just settled himself for a quiet after-dinner cigar. But Mrs. Gale had mischievously snatched it from his hand, threatening to withhold it until he gave her the desired promise. And now she had one hand carelessly on his fore-head, and, sealing the other under his chin, she looked very half earnestly down into the dark depths of his eyes, with her tender blue eyes, as she repeated: "Promise me, Charlie, as you do that a dear!"

"None, Virginia!" And he tried to put away her hand.

"Oh, Charlie!" reproachfully.

"Pishy, do let me go. You'll choke me," he said, half impatiently.

"And so I will," she cried, merrily.

"If you don't promise me, this very minute, not to drink anything stronger than pure cold water at Uncle Logan's party to-night."

"Yes, yes, yes!" There, now. I hope I've promised often enough to satisfy you."

"On your honor?"

"Certainly. Yes, of course!"

"Oh, sir, I thought I could bring you to terms. Recollect, you have said on your honor."

And then, while her face grew earnest in its pleasing expression, she added: "Oh, Charlie, you don't know how anxious I have felt about this party ever since we decided to go. They always have such a gay time at Uncle Logan's. And your, dear, though you would not do a wrong thing yourself, to make you go, too far, because you are such a dear, good-natured fellow. But now that you have promised me, I feel quite easy. And, dear, don't forget when the young men begin to get too gay, come upstairs to me and baby."

And he promised.

Going out to an evening party at Uncle Logan's was no small affair, considering that it was a good five-mile ride from Glendale, out into the country over rough roads with Maple river swollen by recent rains to be crossed. For this was in a remote and secluded part of England, distant from any rail road, and no town near where a vehicle might be obtained. Beside, Virginia Gale was a first-rate horse woman, and feared nothing on that account. That she was then rather rash and foolhardy, will appear from the fact that she had resolved to encounter herself with a burden, though of a very interesting kind.

Light were glistening from the windows as they rode up to Uncle Logan's gate, and the number of horses and vehicles already congregated around it showed that the invited guests of the Christmas eve party were already beginning to drop in. Aunt Lizzie came out to the door to meet them, and took the sleeping babe from Virginia's poor, tired arms.

"Remember, Charlie," she said imploringly, laying her hand on his shoulder, as they were on the point of separating, "she, for Aunt Lizzie's comfortable room above stairs—she, for the society of his boon companions."

"Never fear me," and he went gaily away.

Alas! for the promise made to the bound, credulous wife, sitting up stairs in the quiet matronly circle, with her babe on her knee, so proud and happy for it was her first child. And what young mother ever failed to appreciate the dignity of her position at such a time?

In less than half an hour Charlie Gale had forgotten his promise, wife, child, everything, and again and again his glass was filled, and his voice raised in riotous chorus with the hostess.

The night waned and the guests began to disperse. Virgin in the dressing room all ready for a ride, holding in her lap what seemed to be a huge bundle of shawls, but which was in reality little Charlie, who curled up in his warm nest, fast asleep, with one little fit thumb in his mouth.

"I wonder what makes Charlie so late?" she said, at last, impatiently.

"Aunt Lizzie, will you please send for him, and say I'm waiting?"

He came at length. But the first word he spoke told her all. She knew at once he was intoxicated, though to others only a very slight excitement was still apparent unusual about him.

"Oh! the shame!" She hardly dared speak to him. All her thought was to get him away before he betrayed his confession to other eyes.

"Give me the child," he said.

And as she did so, she felt that his arm was useless.

"Oh? I dare not trust the baby with him," was her thought, but she was silent.

She could not bear that those around should know the mortifying truth.

"I do wish you would stay all night, Virgin," spoke Aunt Lizzie, renewing her entreaties. "It is so late and it is growing colder."

Virgin thought of the dreary five miles ride with a drunken husband—and then the river! She had refused to stay, but now she thought better of it.

"What do you think of it, Charles? Hadn't we better stay?" she asked, pensively.

But liquor had made him sullen.

"No, we must go home," he said shortly.

She knew it would avail nothing to argue the matter with him, but only he lead him to a painful exposure, so she commenced paying her adieux.

By dint of gentle coaxing she induced him to give the babe to her before they started.

As their ride away Uncle Logan shouted out to them:

"Look out for the river!"

Virgin's heart was too heavy for a reply, but Charlie shouted back with mingled cheerfulness:

"All right!"

As they rode on she saw that he was sinking into a drunken stupor. Oh, if they were only safe at home how glad she would be! And then she thought of the river yet to be forded, and every breath was a prayer. She determined not to let him have the child when they were crossing, but to trust to her own arm and courage to carry herself and the babe through. She hoped he would not think to ask her for the child, and was nervously herself for a refusal in case he should, when they came in sight of the water.

The moon shone down, making it almost as bright as day. Virgin thanked heaven for that! But she shuddered as the sweep of the water fell on her ear and she saw it foaming in the moonlight as it swept on in a strong current.

Charles roused himself.

"Where's the boy?" he asked.

"Never mind, deary." He awoke, and I don't like to disturb him. I can carry him over. I'm strong enough for it."

"What is the woman thinking of? To carry him over, indeed! Give him to me!"

But, Charlie, you are not in a condition to hold him. I shall be thankful if you can guide your horse over safely, as you are."

"Ha! What do you mean by that?" She made him no answer.

"Do you take me for a fool?" he said roughly and angrily.

"Now, Charlie, don't do so! You know your arm is very unsteady, just now. It is indeed."

"Ah, I understand you now, so madam, I suppose you think I'm drunk?" Again she was silent.

"Give me the child!" he said fiercely.

"For God's sake."

"Give him to me I say! Do you think to leave me alone?" Give him to me this minute."

"Well, he said that before the violet-come, perhaps he would buy her another, though it would not be quite so ornamental. Then they went to a restaurant, but perhaps you feel no interest in their conversation."

The dying woman raised herself on her elbow and said: "What did the old bald-head ever say?"

"Oh, he didn't say much, except that you couldn't let long, and he said that when they came back from Europe she'd have all the old furniture out and make the house look as if a woman with some taste, who had moved in good society, was at the head of it. There! there! I've added kindly. I fear I have excited you unduly. You must really take some rest, and he retorted softly with a sympathizing wink.

When the dying woman's husband came home that night he was surprised and delighted to find her sitting up, with a hectic flush on her cheek, and her eyes sparkling with an unnatural brilliancy. When he said:

"Why, my love, I thought you were worse?"

"Don't be a fool!"

So they plunged in, and she did not take her eyes from the other two until they had nearly reached the opposite bank. Then her horse stepped on a stone, and, slipping, nearly precipitated her into the water. When her attention was again free they had reached the opposite bank.

"There he is!" said Charlie triumphantly, as he plucked the bundle in her arms. "What a simpleton you are to think I couldn't bring him over safely."

"How very light it was!" Good heaven!

she moved it about in her arms, pressed it closer, and then uttered an awful shriek.

"My child! My little child!"

Both turned simultaneously back to the water. The quick eye of the mother was just in time to catch one last brief glimpse of a little, pale, pitiful, upturned face—and then it disappeared downcurrent, and the rapid water flowed on.

In his drunken unconsciousness Charlie had let the sleeping infant drop out of the shawl, and nothing could be heard above the noise of the waters. He did not know till t'ill the mother screamed. There was no help! Oh! was it pitiful, heart-breaking! Poor, young mother!

The home of the Gales is very still now. Virgin's pale face seems paler yet, from contrast with her black dress. The cradle looks so desolate, standing always back in one corner of the nursery. She never passes it without having her heart wrung anew, and she will sit for hours folding and unfolding the little clothes, and her hands linger lovingly among them. There is a pair of tiny, worn shoes in the drawer of her work-table, and a lock of fair, soft baby hair in the great bible.

Let us hope that Charles Gale is a better man.

A Glimpse of Gen. Washington.

One other scene may properly be added to this brief record of the struggle and triumphs of old New York. There came a sunshiny day in April, 1789, when George Washington, president-elect of the United States by the unanimous voice of the people, stood on a balcony in front of the state chamber in the old Federal hall on Wall street, to take the oath of office. An immense multitude filled the streets and the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses. Glad in a suit of dark brown cloth of American manufacture, with hair powdered, and with white silk stockings, silver shoe buckles and steel hilted draw sword, the grand and the number of horses and vehicles already congregated around it showed that the invited guests of the Christmas eve party were already beginning to drop in. Aunt Lizzie came out to the door to meet them, and took the sleeping babe from Virgin's poor, tired arms.

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LIFE INSURANCE.

How an Agent Outwitted Death and the Doctors.

The popular and successful agent of the Bird of Freedom Life Insurance company has just received from his directors a set of complimentary resolutions, duly engrossed and framed, and a valuable silver service, in recognition of what the directors are pleased to call his "elevation, sagacity, and courage." It appears that about two years ago a gentleman living in Walpasham avenue insured his wife's life for \$25,000. Some three months ago she fell sick, and from that she went to worse; the doctors gave her up, and the insurance company was a prayer. She determined not to let him have the child when they were crossing, but to trust to her own arm and courage to carry herself and the babe through. She hoped he would not think to ask her for the child, and was nervously herself for a refusal in case he should, when they came in sight of the water.

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